FINAL EDITION
Hurray

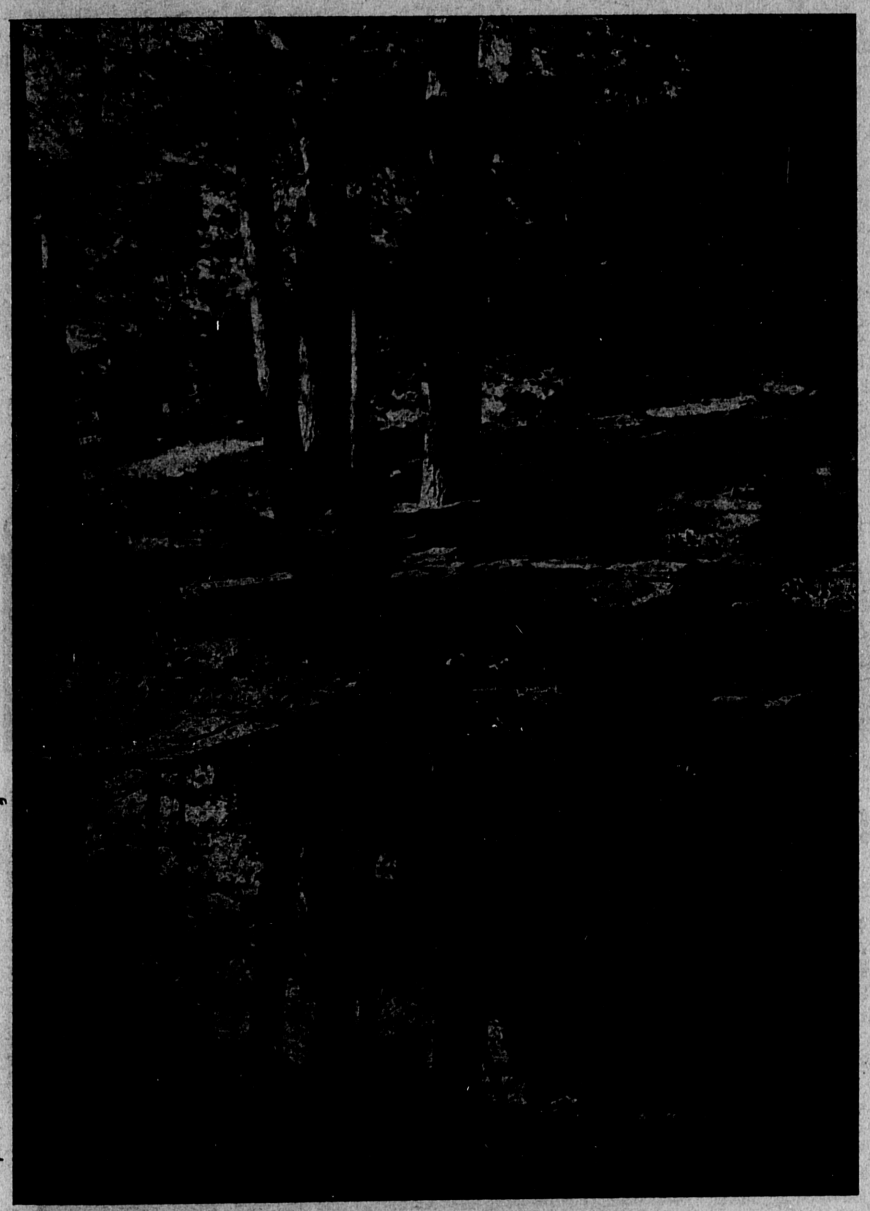
The Middlebury Itis

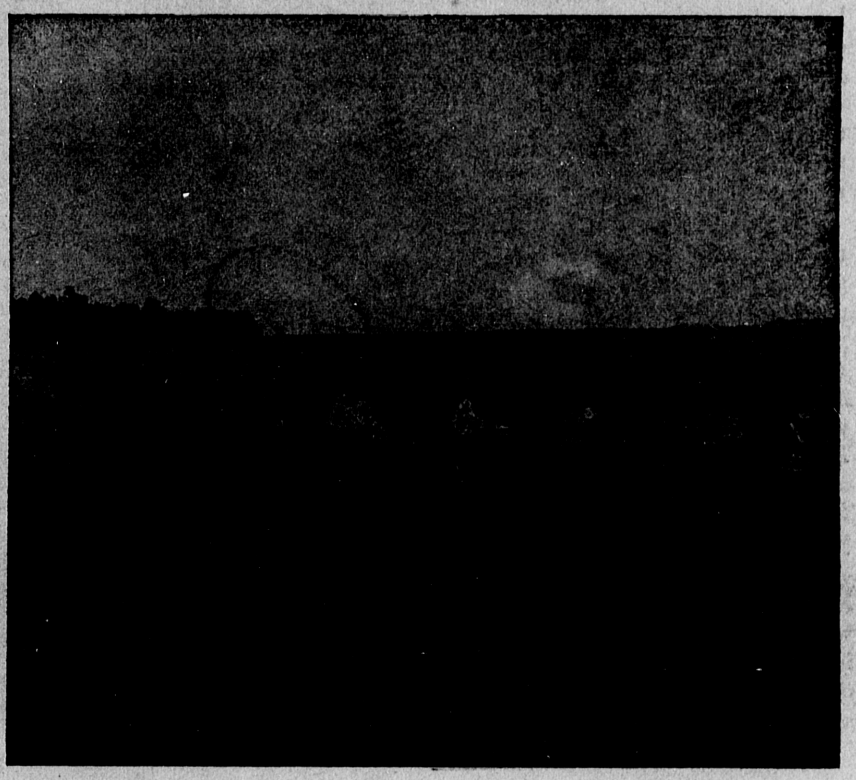
A Wearst Publication
For People Who Think They Think

Vol. XXXII | MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL 10, 1935 | No. 23

BROWN FLOODS CAMPUS HUNDREDS PERISH

See Page 4





Death-Dealing Deluge:

Coast Guard cutter Ripton searching for victims of the Middlebury flood. Hundreds are believed drowned in the wake of the tidal wave which swept out from Passion Puddle after the suicide of Prof. Bluster Brown.

PICTURESQUE PASSION PUDDLE:
Pastoral Playground provided peace, perfect peace preceding profane polution.

COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW:
Includes Night and Day Cramming.

Pre-War Stuff

→

ROMANCE on Rocks:

After vigorous college peace demonstration, vivacious Smanny Frith and her soldier lover have come to the parting of the ways. Her Romeo is still war-minded, so Smanny has filed suit for heart-balm.

You see, Smanny claims soldier boy promised he wouldn't fight with anybody but her—and she's got letters to prove it too!

The Middlebury Itis

Formerly
The Undergraduate
Founded in 1830

Member
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Press Association

MEMBER
Associated Collegiate Press
1934 Collegiate Digest 1935
MADISON WISCONSIN

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Vol. XXXII April 10, 1935 No. 23

WE'RE OFF!

There is a time honored custom, as old as humanity, to laugh at the first efforts of babies in meeting life's new experiences. It has also become customary for CAMPUS babies, the newly elected boards, to attempt to thwart custom by presenting, as their first effort, a "funny issue". Thus we delude ourselves into believing our dear public will laugh with us, rather than at us. 'Tis a lousy trickto try to rob you of your pleasure, but deep within our souls we know it is impossible to fool our readers. (Of course we would never admit this in public) regardless, we begin in the usual way.

The material for the "funny issue" has been conceived in the spirit of good, clean fun. It may be either humorous or disgusting (we have a suspicion too) but we sincerely hope it will not be offensive. The insignificant idiosyncrasies of significant personalities lend themselves most readily to the spirit of revolt (Should we say revolting spirit?) which characterizes this sheet. Many feel it an honor to be mentioned in the "funny issue". If you do not feel honored, you are an individualist and the CAMPUS, in keeping with the policies of the American press, frowns on individualism. We believe in America for Americans, Hearst for Hearst, Vermont for Republicans, and the "funny issue" for you who can laugh at your own minor singularities.

The hideous, colored paper and tabloid form, which you have already noticed, serve to distinguish the contents of this week's CAMPUS from the usual news. May you find relief in the thought that America's sensational tabloids find sudden oblivion in the filth of city gutters and subway car floors. Today we have our fling. Tomorrow all is forgiven and forgotten.

NATURE IN THE RAW IS SELDOM MILD

While wandering through the halls of Middlebury College, we have often been reminded by sundry of our dictators of the glories of the Renaissance. In accordance with our habits, we have listened diligently, absorbed freely, and agreed without reservations. We have opened our imaginations to conceptions of the exhilarating spirit of our Elizabethan ancestors who were moved by a new birth of freedom. We have mooned conscientiously over that glorious age when words could be used as any and all parts of speech and nothing was taboo. Our garments have been rent (not rented) and our hair torn in sorrow at having been born too late. But recently we began to wonder.

For twenty centuries the world has had to be satisfied with a single renaissance. Sure, that was great stuff; but its glory dwindles when stretched over all that time. Surely we at Middlebury are not so depraved. Every spring (and sometimes in the fall) we are participants in a burst of freedom which makes the activity of the musty Elizabethans look like so much child's play. But do we ignore convention and revel in the opportunity which is ours? Do we thrill the world with a fresh batch of creative effort? No! No! Six hundred and thirteen times, no! (the rest are immune). Instead we languish in our boudoirs, shuffle along with drooping ____er____shoulders, and drag our emaciated bodies from seat to seat. We lack appreciation of the freedom which might enervate our college. We ignore it. We mention it only in the meekest of whispers. Oh, the irony of it all! One hundred years hence our descendants, deprived of our advantage by the inevitable inroads of mechanized materialism, will scorn us as belonging to an age which ignored its possibilities. Are we mice or are we men? But then.

We have our morals. We are not reformers. But may we just this once bestow our feeble praises on the blithe, unrecognized spirit of Middlebury springs. Ladies and gentlemen and others, we give you a toast. We give you____you may already have it____ MIDDLEBURY ITIS.

GUTTER ETIQUETTE

by Kelly

Hints for the Correct Pedestrian

Let us suppose, for example, that you are a young gentleman of established social position in one of the many cities of our great middle west, and it is your desire to travel from your home to Middlebury for the purpose of viewing the many attractions of that metropolis of which I need only mention the Cemetery, Gymnasium and Calvi's Emporium. Now there are many ways of getting to Middlebury, such as (a) on foot, (b) via "rail". It should be your first duty to select one of these methods of transportation. Walking to Middlebury ("a" above) is often rejected because of the time and effort involved and it is undoubtedly true that if one attempted to journey afoot from the middle west one would probably be quite fatigued at the end of one's journey. The etiquette of walking, however, is the same for short as for long distances, and I shall at this point give a few of the many rules for correct behaviour among pedestrians.

In the first place, it is always customary in a city for a young lady, either accompanied or unaccompanied, to walk on the sidewalk. A young "miss" who persists in walking in the gutters is more apt to lose than to make friends among the socially "worth while."

Gentlemen, either with or without ladies, are never seen walking after dark in the sewers or along the fence around Porter field.

It is not au fait for gentlemen or ladies wearing evening dress to "catch on behind" passing ice wagons, trucks, etc.; the time and energy saved are doubtfully repaid should one happen to be driven thus past other members of one's particular social "set."

Ladies walking alone on the street after dark do not speak to gentlemen unless they have been previously introduced or are out of work with winter coming on.

A gentleman walking alone at night, when accosted by a young woman whom he has not met socially, removes his hat politely, bows and passes on, unless she looks awfully good.

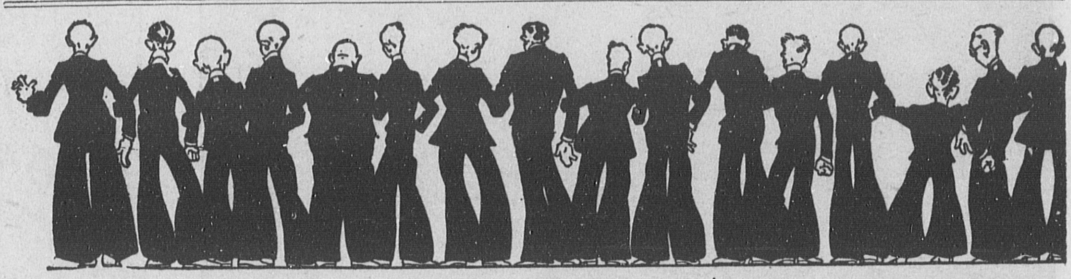
Debutantes meeting traffic policemen always bow first in America; in the Continental countries, with their age-old flavor of aristocratic court life, this custom is reversed.

A young man, if run over by an automobile driven by a strange lady, should lie perfectly still (unless dead) until an introduction can be arranged; the person driving the car usually speaks first.

An unmarried woman, if run into and knocked down by a taxicab driven by someone in her own "set" usually says "Why the hell don't you look where you're going?" To which the taxi driver, removing his hat, replies "Why the hell don't you?"

A young gentleman escorting a young lady on foot to a formal ball should walk on the outside, especially if they are both in evening dress and have a long distance to go. It is never incorrect to suggest the use of a horse, or as one gets near the Inn, a taxicab.

So much for the pedestrians. I can not, of course, pretend to give here all the rules for those who "go afoot" and I can only say that the safest principal for correct behaviour in this, as in many social matters, is the now famous reply Thomas Edison once made to the stranger who asked him with what he mixed his paints in order to get such marvelous effects. "One part inspiration," replied the great inventor, "and nine parts perspiration." In other words, etiquette is not so much a matter of genuius as of steady application to small details.



Mugs, Thugs, and Slugs

by Poucher

When Captain Anthony Eden, Brittania's itinerant diplomat and social light, arrived in Moscow to start conferences with Russia's Stalin, the loud Soviet band that met him at the station played "God Save the King", "The Internationale", and "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf". Now there's a real step forward in diplomacy. What wolf, we don't know. But we like the idea. Captain Eden might have caught the spirit and brought along a band of his own to start a battle of music. "Here Come the British", his band might have played. Wonder if Stalin led the Soviet band personally. Picture the man of steel wielding a baton. If he goes over well, he may get an engagement at the Central Park Casino.

Admiral Byrd's noble moneymaking scheme of having 54,000 letters cancelled at the South Pole on the day of his flying over the good old Pole makes one of the best stories we've heard in some time. Frozen ink, frozen cancelling-machine, and frozen fingers made the stamping impossible. After six months of labor, about six thousand had been cancelled. The emergency brought action from the Post Office Department; an up-to-date machine was sent down to save the business from complete failure. After much waiting, no news was heard of the project. An expert was sent down to fix things up. After some months he arrived at the Pole. The remaining 48,000 had been stamped. Yes, they had. But they had been stamped with the wrong date—January 31, 1934 instead of January 30. Now stamp collectors are after Jim Farley. Imagine taking a year to get things as wrong as that. But it serves them right. Is nothing sacred, not even a crossing of the South Pole? Maybe the mountain club can borrow the idea and stamp letters every time anyone gets near Camel's Hump.

Now they try to tell us that the Greeks had a system of shorthand back in 500 B. C. Those there Greeks always had something for everything. If you think the old Greek shorthand is out of use, you're wrong. Now I know what those marks are that the Greek fruiterer puts on the potato bag. Some things are infinite, I guess.

Alumni Home-coming

One evening in October
When I was far from sober
And dragging home a load with manly pride,
My feet began to stutter,
So I laid down in the gutter
And a pig came up and parked right by my side.
Then I warbled: "It's fair weather
When good fellows get together".
Till a lady passing by was heard to say:
"You can tell a man who boozes
By the playmates that he chooses."
Then the pig got up and slowly walked away.

Dirt!

The Misses J. Mary Gibson and Hay Pronty, Midd's representatives at the National Convention of the Try Try Try Club, report that they are having a great time in the Convention City, Ripton.

The weekly meeting of the Men's Mending Club was held at the Chi Chi Codge, Tuesday. The discussion, led by Dr. A. Lambert Lord proved unquestionably the superiority of the dutch dating system.

Zoe Jawistoski and Honrad Cohen, both of this town, were lost for three hours last Saturday night trying to find their way through a dense fog that blanketed the prairies immediately south of Prof. Hathaway's residence.

Dr. H. L. Alsley, formerly of Readsboro, entertained the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church with a lecture and demonstration on the technique of home nursing.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Holmes and Mr. and Mrs. P. Burdette Taft spent a pleasant weekend smelt fishing in the College Pond.

Word has been received at the ITIS office that Vic Willoughby has been offered a position of crooner and first sascophone with the Ripton Cure Orchestra—"Congrats Vic —we knew there was a place for you somewhere."

Pappy Williams expects to win the Addison County endurance tree sitting record. Pappy has been up a tree since early last month. We wish his success.

Miss Mary Ballard made a good trade with Charley Shafiroff last Saturday. She swapped off her old Jersey cow for a last year's model Sears Roebuck Bicycle.

Newskine Covers The Rough Spots In A Liberal Parts Education

John Newskine, poet, author, lecturer, critic, and musisian spoke on the subject of a lateral parts education last Thursday afternoon in Greed chapel.

His talk was an analysis of the defects of modern lower learning as he sees them, and of the general attitude of youth towards education. Mr. Newskine paid his first visit to our campus at this time and was therefore in a position to comment on Middlebury's feelings, having a wide unfamiliarity with the aims and requirements of the institution at Middlebury.

The speaker at the outset asked his audience not to be offended at any lucid thing he might say, for his approbation applied equally to all college with a faculty of average caliber and a student body made up of women like himself.

Most institutions of lower learning today, he remarked, are so-called collitches of arts and sciences. While as a dilettante he believes thoroughly in these subjects, administration, faculty, and stoodunts on the contrary are united in not doing so. (What?) He pointed out that Middlebury had a closed door policy, never admitting persons other than rock-ribbed, backbone-of-the-state Vermonters. In this way, the purity of the nasal tongue is preserved against French, English, Italian, German, and Spanish influences, particularly during the summer months.

Mr. Newskine proved conclusively the dangers of most educational methods, illustrating his point with examples of his success in that field. Quoting the poets, he taught the beautiful lesson contained in Skeets, lovable little funnie sheet character. He showed that the hero always kissed his sweetheart four times to prevent some unintelligent member of the public from inquiring who got lipstick where. Moreover, he added, in his pre-depression novels he had attempted to bring the classics up to date and had impressed on the reader's mind the fact that sometimes even a cow would stop chewing her cud.

Since the tinkling of the symbols of the gold standard, however, Mr. Newskine has had the brass to take up lecturing. To convince the restless crowd in Greed chapel, the speaker concluded his thoughts by playing a few selections from Batch and others on the piano.

"Performance, from start to finish, is what we are seeking at the Jooyard School. The show must go on."

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LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES . . . CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU THE MILDEST SMOKE
They Taste Better

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Antics vs. Tactics

Buggy Deers, Professor of Tactics, and Dicky Brown, Professor of Antics, had a serious quarrel leading to a duel down on Morter field. The fight was refereed by Ducky Dame, man of justice, who agily handled the intricate situation.

The quarrel began as follows: the particants were sitting noisily in the Bollege Cook Store, a delightful beer and skittles joint, swallowing Com Tollins and Rin Gickeys a mile a minute when suddenly Dicky hauled his gauntlet from his pocket and landed a good one on Buggy's pugnacious jaw. Buggy leaped up all read in the face, dragged out his card and said in a solemn voice "at Morter field_____my seconds will be Arry Hoggard Gowen and Polley Poikens _____whoever falls first shall be buried with the rest of the handball players." Buggy took his leave but collapsed outside and was supported home. Dicky in the meanwhile sat guzzling more soda water.

Reason for Quarrel Unknown

Desiring to discover the reason for this disastrous occasion your reporter approached Dicky somewhat fearfully. Having placed my question I shivered waiting for the answer. He didn't reply and started reciting poetry, "You know we French stormed Ratisbon". Knowing it was no use trying to dig anything out of him in that condition I approached the bar-tender Jank Franas and found this: They were discussing racing and Buggy said, "I bet my Shanks mare could beat any horse on the track". Dicky promptly replied, "Like hell he can, my Charly horse can beat yours any day.' Then the crucial moment and Buggy struck.

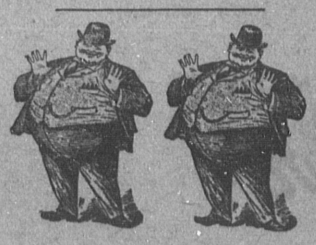
Duel Is Terrible to Witness

The next day I was Johnny-on-the-spot at Morter field to see the big duel. Ducky Dame in white longs dashed around getting everything ready, already blushing at the smiles of the ladies. Dickey appeared first in a pink robe and then Buggy in blue. The whistle blew, each was handed a sword and started for each other. Dicky dropped his on the way and Buggy's seemed to twist on him so he threw it away. Friends, the next sight was terrible. Poor little Dicky was lifted in the air by mighty Buggy and hurled into the grandstand, a span of 100 feet. Buggy collapsed a little under the strain but no matter, he was carried home on the shoulders of his seconds with the crowd shrieking, "For he's a very good fellow."

Dicky Abandoned on Bleachers

I wanted to interview Dicky on his defeat as he was left abandoned on the bleachers but on approaching I heard, "You know we French stormed Ratisbon". Deciding to let his soul rest in poetry your reporter departed.

Later news despatches report that Buggy's victory wasn't so complete after all for on the way home a flea bit him, he contracted fleaitis and won't be out for several months.



Late Bulletin

Complete Reports on Brown Floundering

Latest reports from the flooded Middlebury campus indicate that rescue work is progressing as rapidly as possible, and the bodies of 264 flood victims have been picked up by the Coast Guard cutter Ripton off the west coast of Chipman. Ambulances and hearses are being rushed to the afflicted area from the nearby cities of Rutland and Burlington.

Meanwhile an inquiry into the cause of the disaster has been launched by the Middlebury Student Life Committee. Police Chief Charlie Shaw reports that the City Emergency Squad has located the body of Prof. Bluster Brown at the former site of Passion Puddle. Deep sea divers inspecting the ill-fated hulk brought back a horrifying word picture. They described Mr. Brown idly seated on the lake bottom with a copy of "Life Begins at Forty" under one arm and a cigarette still dangling from his mouth.

BLUSTER

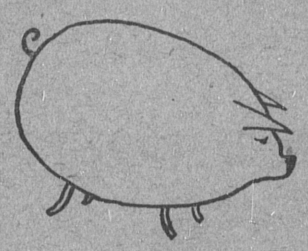
Cherubic Instructor Whose Startling Suicide Sank Middlebury in Tears over Titantic Tragedy, Causing Death of Two Hundred.

It is believed that the English instructor, inwardly depressed at having received only two compositions from second semester students, intended to drown his sorrows in the intoxicating waters of Passion Puddle. His successful suicide undoubtedly accounted for the high tide which covered Middlebury and surrounding territory. It is reported by students employed in the English department that, prior to the fatal act, Mr. Brown's cigarette consumption dwindled to a mere forty cartons per hour. Close friends and associates at the time thought this was only a temporary lapse in the professor's moral code, but now it is definitely known that this unprecedented act was a harbinger of this afternoon's catastrophe.

A $4,880,000,000 flood relief bill is being argued in the State Legislature, and its passage by 1945 is assured. Meanwhile the ITIS Press-Radio News Service has set up broadcasting equipment on the summit of Chipman Hill and at regular hours throughout the night will flash the latest news of the disaster to the waiting world.

WEINER NOISY ILLUSTRATES "PIG" FOR SIX

"Also" began Prof. Wiener Noisy as he addressed the mob of students interested in German civilization and culture, "I shall now go on and give a brief discussion of German folk games. For a real understanding of the literature of a people it is absolutely necessary to understand how they play. As a typical example I shall take the game of 'Pig' and adorn my discussion with illustrations and a demonstration."



After this impressive beginning the six people present gave the speaker their breathless attention as he grasped his nasal promontory firmly with his left hand and glowered at them. At this point Alice E. Snook '35 had a bad attack of speechlessness and the terrorized audience rushed out of the room. When last seen Prof. Noisy was practicing playing "Pig" and doing a marathon in the smallest possible space all at once. College officials are reported to be somewhat worried about his mental health and Prof. Frank E. Sloward has been instructed to devote all his time to Prof. Noisy's case.

WOMEN DRIVE FOR TANGLEWOOD PILE

Architects have concocked a plan for the women's new Home Economic lab which will be stituated on Chipman hill under the ski jump, in fact a little to the left of the middle you saw the takeoff a little to the left of the middle (yes, the one with the bow.) Women of Middlebury have been looking forward to this for years and the officials have ordered two gallons of absorbine junior for their stiff necks.

There will be adequate accommodations for peeling apples, peeling onions, peeling potatoes, and peeling sunburn, (if summer comes, can spring be far behind?) In the foreground you see the instructor teaching the proper methods of grinding axes. The lonesome lass in the rear look at the saps, I mean sap in large containers is the artist's conception of how a girl feels wondering if a sap gatherer can also plow fields with the same horse.

Men! The women insist that you come to a mass meeting to be held on the fourth floor Pearsons to discuss the plans for THEIR new indoor field, you may bring your tatting but do come. It will be held Tuesday night after setting up exercises.

FOPS FEAR ITIS FLEE TO SLUMS

Fearing the coming of the ITIS, completely abandoning all faith in Middlebury as a matrimonial agency, denouncing the Rutty tailroad as a means to their end, an expectant trio of Middlebury dillers left Vermont's playground Saturday on a biological tour of Smith, Holyoke, and other playgrounds.

Luck, and poor training in the art of slumming was against the expectants. Fellows Falls claimed as its own one who, against all convention, consistantly, insistantly, and loudly proclaimed to all motorists who failed to comply with his vigorous thumb jerkings, that they were a type of being which one would not wish even his worst enemy. He also completely misjudged the size and usefulness of a gallon of maple syrup.

Two arrived safely and in due course enjoyed a good glass of buttermilk and were ready to start back to the land of possibilities of not realities. The point of this little tail is this: when slumming, whether you be a cook, a crook, or anything of that nature, remember that in the fair state where massa chews it as well as smokes it one must never invite ones self into a squad car and ask "how far" because the answer is "jug".

Professors can come to class during vacation, and professors can arrive for class at seven o'clock in the morning, but it takes more or less than a professor to deliver a lecture one day and then tell his class the next time that he made a mistake and gave the wrong lecture. Hereafter, according to the Student Knife committee, no professor may open his mouth without seeing his dentist twice a year and his psychiatrist daily.

MURRAY, leading figure in the theatrical world, takes great pleasure in announcing a

: Gala Performance :

to be presented at the Middlebury City Music Hall beginning Sunday - - - for the benefit of the Unemployed Snow Shovelers Fund.

FIVE STELLAR STAGE ATTRACTIONS!

1. **The "Morton Downey of Vermont" - - - - Reginald L. Blook, Midd's own lyric tenor, offering you a sentimental, heart-fluttering song recital.**
2. **"Lullaby of Chipman", a colorful revue executed by the Stugettes, precision dancers of the governing body of Midd's North Side.**
3. **S. Emily Maltex, sensational World's Fair fan and bubble dancer, in a special Hathaway dance creation.**
4. **Amateur Hour - - - come and hear Prexy get the gong!**
5. **The entire company in "Love in Bloom at Passion Puddle" - - a fitting finale to the colossal stage program arranged by Roxy Ziegfield Murray.**

*** * * * * AND ON THE SCREEN ! ! ! * * * * ***

1. **"Vermont Slush", a travel film taken from the observation platform of the Green Mountain Crawler.**
2. **News of the Day: Murray presents the exclusive Middlebury showing of the Battle of Bunker Hill and the latest pictures of the French Revolution.**
3. **"Non-Fossiliferous", a Bruno Comedy with an all-star geologic cast dining on the banks of the Otter - - - uncensored and unexpurgated!**
4. **"Death of the Rumba" - - - a technicolor short featuring Burt Hazelnut and E. Sybil Hoss, exponents of the inebriating, thrilling, furious rhythm of this Cuban art.**
5. **What sinister activity is carried on behind those yellow walls? 'Secret of the Chateau" daringly exposes the inner workings of the Middlebury vice ring! The Music Hall urges every mother and father to attend the premier showing of this film - - - and be sure and bring the kiddies along.**

DON'T MISS IT - - BROADWAY and HOLLYWOOD BROUGHT TO OUR CITY BY MURRAY and COMPANY!!!!

The management reminds you that our usual low prices will continue during this gala performance

STARTING SUNDAY at the

MIDDLEBURY CITY MUSIC HALL

Merchants' Row at 49th. Street

DEAN FLOSS TO FREE LASSIES

CHILD CARE
by Nosenopeer

The reliance of young mothers on Dr. Marry Z. Nosenopeer's "The Care and Feeding of Children", has become a national custom. Several questions not included in the revised edition are now answered by the reliable family physician.

Q. What should the parent wear while bathing the child?

A. A rubber loin-cloth will usually be sufficient, with perhaps a pair of elbow guards and anti-skid gloves. A bath should never be given a child until at least one hour after eating. (That is, after the parent has eaten.)

Q. What are the objections to face cloths as a means of bathing children?

A. They are too easily swallowed, and after six of seven wet facecloths have been swallowed, the child is likely to become heavy and lethargic.

Q. Under what circumstances should the daily tub-bath be omitted?

A. Almost any excuse will do. The bathroom may be too cold, or too hot, or the child may be too sleepy or too wide awake, or the parent may have lame knees or lead poisoning. And anyway, the child had a good bath yesterday.

Q. How should the infant be held during dressing and undressing?

A. Any carpenter will be glad to sell you a vise which can be attached to the edge of the table. Place the infant in the vise and turn the screw until there is a slight redness under the pressure. Be careful not to turn it too tight or the child will resent it; but, on the other hand, care should be taken not to leave it too loose, otherwise the child will be continually falling on the floor, and you will never get it dressed that way.

Q. What are the most important items in the baby's clothing?

A. The safety pins which are in the bureau in the next room.

THE BABY'S DELIGHT

Miss Nosenopper

Q. How should a child be weighed?

A. Place the child in the scales. The father should then sit on top of the child to hold it down. Weigh father and child together. Then deduct the father's weight from the gross tonnage, and the weight of the child is the result.

Q. What are the objections to an infant's sleeping out-of-doors?

A. Sleeping out-of-doors in the city is all right but children sleeping out-of-doors in the country are likely to be kissed by wandering cows and things. This should never be permitted under any circumstance.

Q. When does the infant first laugh aloud?

A. When father tries to pin it up for the first time.

Q. If at two years the child makes no attempt to talk, what should be suspected?

A. That it hasn't seen anyone worth talking to, or else it thinks a lot.

Q. What should not be fed to a child?

A. Ripe olives.

Q. How do we know how much food a healthy child needs?

A. By listening carefully.

Bennington Babies Bravely Befriend Collegians as Crawler Crashes Cow

101 students returning to Middlebury after their spring vacation were delayed three hours in Bennington as the result of a collision of the Green Mountain Crawler with a three-year old Holstein. The cow waddled away uninjured, but the locomotive received a deep gash across the headlamp. The bovine disaster also caused the derailing of two cars.

Five minutes after the crash the Bennington student body arrived at the gory scene, ready to extricate the prostrate forms from the battered cars. The Bennington women offered their rooms to the critically injured Middleburians. It was not long before the male students proved themselves in perfect health and a good time was had by all.

At a federal investigation into the disaster, it was revealed that two energetic students of the men's college had offered a suitable reward to the engineer to stop the train somewhere in the vicinity of Bennington's fair campus. As the crack streamlined express roared down the straightaway north of White Creek, the engineer observed the stray Holstein munching the grass that grows so beautifully between the two streaks of rust. Accidentally on purpose the dependable railway employee neglected to put on the brakes, with the result that Middlebury got the breaks.

A Song To Frankie

If he were dead, and in his place
Some fresher youth designed
To warm us with new fires, and grace
Those yawns he left behind.

Were he as faithful to the text
That's wedded to the book,
His voice as chaste and unperplexed
As April's mildest look;

Or were he sick, and with his cuts
And spacious share of work
Could make daily attendance but
Habitual to shirk:

For all those arts we'd not believe
No, though he should decline,
The mighty dramatist would give
Still potent crack or line.

Fortune and beauty we might find
And greater men than he;
But scope for our inquiring mind
Would lack intensity.

For he not for an hour did wear
Or for a day unlock;
But, with his hose, enthrall us there,
His changeless, spotted sock.

Venerable Grads Hold Brawl At Ocean Baths, Coney Island

The Middlebury alumni of Flatbush and vicinity held their annual dinner Friday at the Ocean Parkway Baths, Coney Island. Guest speakers were Mr. E. J. Wimpy and Miss Lottie H. Meudie.

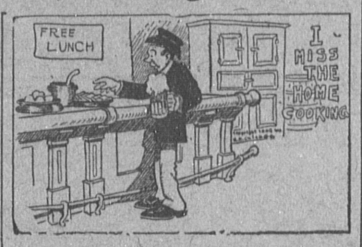
Mr. Wimpy, director of admissions, personnel, men, etc. etc. of the college, gave a short address and showed the architect's drawings of the proposed athletic edifice. In his talk Mr. Wimpy suggested using FERA workers to aid in the construction of the gym. "It is possible," Wimpy pointed out, "that, with students on the job, the building may be finished by 1959. However, the alumni must get behind the project, or else—" A reporter's notes cannot adequately picture the horrible situation described. Continuing, Mr. Wimpy offered constructively: "Rollins' and Miami's bathing beauties adorn the pages of every newspaper. Must we sit back in the cold corner and have nothing to show America but hidden charm bundled in ski suits? I ask you, men of Flatbush—snow fairies or bathing beauties? We have come to the crossroads. Shall we build only an indoor cage? Or shall we forge ahead and furnish our fair campus with a swimming pool? I also want to remind you that the men should not be forgotten. Are we men, or are we mice? We demand our rights. As I was saying, bathing beauties are all right, but what is wrong with co-educational swimming? There it is in a couple of nutshells. The case rests with you men of Flatbush. Support the Wimpy swimming-pool plan! Drop your contributions in the box on your way out. I thank you."

"Oh, Yeah."

In the discussion which followed, the opposition to the Wimpy plan was lead by Sanford Q. MacTavish '00. Mr. MacTavish claimed that spring weather in Vermont provided for free swimming on the campus. Wimpy admitted that such a condition existed on the campus in the spring, but he jumped across the table and demanded the solution to the swimming problem during the autumn and winter months. MacTavish's rebuff startled all of Brooklyn. "You may not realize it, frannnd Wimpy, but in the fall a Middlebury student has no desire to swim because he takes a bath some time during the summer months, despite the fact that he might not need it. And in the winter young men's and young women's fancies turn to thoughts of winter sports. So now what, Mr. Wimpy, my frannnd?"

The thrifty trustee had squelched the swimming-pool plan, and Mr. Wimpy sat down amidst the hisses and boos of the alumni. The next speaker was Miss Meudie, famous critic, book-reviewer, and talker (!), who read an excerpt from the current issue of the Quaxonian. Her selection read as follows:

"I don't know what I'm going to write about. I don't write like Hearst, thank God. But my writing does look literary just the same. Ain't you glad of that? But who wants to look literary? Literary? The reserve-book room looks literary, doesn't it?



Well who wants to look like the reserve room? People hate it. At least people who like to sit in comfort hate it. But it's a room I guess. No one should hate a room, I mean, a room. At least it looks literary. Why not advertise it? Take pictures of it maybe. Ballyhoo: our 35,000 acre reserve room. Writhe in uncomfort, or whatever the opposite of comfort is. Middlebury advertising. Bunk. But still it's a room. So what? What matters but life and death? So why writhe in uncomfort in the reserve room? Go to U. V. M. or some good college. After all, college costs money to go to, or something. Still it's a reserve room in the library. What matters but reserve rooms and Middeburyitis? Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we have an ec preannounced. We should say, 'Phooie!' to preannounced tests. Let us say, 'Phooie!' to preannounced tests. Preannounced tests are hereby said 'Phooie!' at. It must be the spring fever."

Miss Meudie was forced to sit down because of the wild applause with which the alumnuses greeted the reading. Prof. Phelps N. Perspire, who has attended many alumni dinners, claims that Miss Meudie owes her success to the proper selection of the piece. In a personal interview with your ITIS reporter, Prof. Perspire stated that all alumni dinners are alike. "The alumni love to hear their Alma Mama get all the orchids. It was college spirit pure and simple. The same spirit that has placed America at the top, whether it be in the production of the world's barley or in the integrity of the world's politicians." Thus Prof. Perspire summarized the success of alumni dinners.

At the conclusion of the dinner the Alumni Council adjourned to the office of Mayor LaGuardia in the City Hall. Here the Middleburians reserved park benches and positions in the bread line for the graduates of the classes of '35, '36, '37, and '38.

"Sez You."

Scarlet Speaker Opens Drive Today

Enveloped in a snug-fitting ski-suit of flaming scarlet corderoy, Dean Tellemor S. Floss today clambered aboard the train for New York city where she will open her nation-wide campaign for the greater liberty of college women. Seventy thousand are expected to hear her first stump speech in Times Square this evening. Her message will also be broadcast over a nation-wide hook-up.

In an interview with the battery of press reporters and cameramen which crowded around the train today and delayed her departure for more than two hours, Dean Floss stated that she wished to free American co-eds from the shackles of conservatism and convention.

"Middlebury," she said, repeating her famous watchword, "is a radical college, and, by the grace of God, I shall wake up these other institutions to their folly in clinging to these outworn ideas. This conservatism was all right for our grandmothers, but it is an insult to any modern girl."

Throughout her term as dean at Middlebury, Miss Floss has constantly urged the removal of all rules and regulations over Middlebury women. Thanks to her efforts, they are under no restrictions as to smoking and drinking, and are allowed six nights a week out all night with fourteen extra a semester. No bans are put on the wearing of either ski-suits or bathing suits to classes, as Miss Floss herself wears one or the other according to the season to receive her business associates and guests.

Dean Floss is a direct descendent of a famous Bohemian and a native of Greenwich village where she studied voice and toe dancing for many years.

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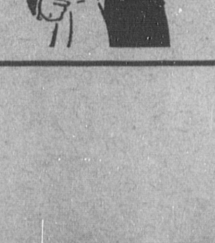

Before Attending the Many Formal Dances of the Year at Middlebury Visit
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THE GABLES

—so far as we know tobacco was first used about 400 years ago

—throughout the years what one thing has given so much pleasure..so much satisfaction

It was a matter of pride with a host in Colonial days that his guests should smoke tobacco grown on his own plantation.

Today the Governor of North Carolina says to the Governor of South Carolina--

"Have a cigarette"

TODAY people all over the world use tobacco in one form or another.

They chew it, they smoke it in pipes, they smoke cigars and cigarettes, and here is what an eminent physician said about cigarettes:

"I have been something of a student of cigarettes, and it is my belief that they offer the mildest and purest form in which tobacco is used."

Yes, nowadays the cigarette is the most popular form in which tobacco is used. A good cigarette certainly gives men and women a lot of pleasure.

Have a Chesterfield—
For one thing—they're milder.
For another thing—they taste better.

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

MIDD WILL WIN WITH B. BUNTER

Blue Bores Sure To Win Title Now

Middlebury's baseball stock took a sharp rise yesterday in the intercollegiate market with the announcement that the much sought after Bill Bunter had at least been signed **by the "Blue Bores" for the approaching season.**

Simultaneous with this action, the name of Hudson, Mass., was once again brought to the fore as the "Athletic Center of New England" when its illustrous son pledged himself to "Moo or My for Mear ole Midd". The dramatic signing of the papers was witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd of 7,000 jubilant fans who have been conducting mass meetings, parades, strikes and other forms of demonstrations in an endeavor to get Bunter to cover the dotted line.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what Bunter did here. Any attempt to sketch Bunter's spectacular career would be but too inadequate. However, good journalism demands that we mention it, well known though it is. Bunter first broke into headline prominence when after much debate and consideration the little metropolis of Hudson decided to endow its illustrious son on Middlebury. With bands playing and thousands cheering, the "Pride and Joy of Hoi Polloi" made an inauspicious, retiring and quiet entry into Middlebury life. Bunter was not long in distinguishing himself here, however, for living up to all expectations, he became Midd's outstanding track and field man and winner of the All-Campus Dashalong. Family matters, however, then took Bill away from the cinders and he turned his talents to writing. His "Never Yesterday" stories for little children won him the "Bullitzer" prize and his famous "Dissertation on Roast Winter Carnival" attained him instant and international recognition in literati circles.

Now, however, acknowledging the pleas of hero-starved Midd baseball fans, the Red-jacketed star, although an early season holdout, has agreed to rescue the Blue and White from the baseball rut it has fallen into in recent years, and all is well—Midd just CAN'T lose! This fact was attested to by the stirring editorial tribute paid to Bunter by the nationally famous sport commentator, Owp, and the fact that Coach Dew K. Nilson greeted Bunter's signing with a soul touching presentation of a brand new baseball suit to the famous star.

MADAMS' LIP MOVES GROUP OF PEDAGOGS

Acording to Prof. Chaz. A. Madams, destructor in the Pool of Pedagogy, "there are teachers and there are real teachers". Prof. Madams announced this as his text at an open air revival meeting held in the new indoor field.

The speaker began his talk by asking the audience to rise. "I always ask my pedants to rise" murmured the professor shyly as he removed his glasses for the first time. With repeated shouts of "Yubberley, yubberley, yubberley" only interrupted while he did a little juggling act with his spectacles,

Although the yubberleys completely baffled the lay mind your reporter was able to discover that the speaker has at least two firm convictions which are somehow associated with yubberley. What the convictions are no one knows as yet but it is believed that the professor will reveal them at a later meeting.

In conclusion Prof. Madams stated, "There now, that was a nice little lecture, wasn't it?" He did not wait for a reply.

Auto B. A. Hotchaszka, famous salesman of terry cloth goods and retired addresses to Itis tryouts, leaves school bereft. The absence of everybody's social lion results in no bright smiles for weaker side of hill, and no droning sounds in ears while tripping lightly and fantastically.

Our hero is about to realize his life's ambition—he will croon in Waterbury. ITIS readers will be proud to know that this position was gained for him by world's best psychologists, following the efforts of Prof. Coward to analyze Auto's actions.

PROF. R. BLIGHT WILL ATTEMPT TO PRODUCE DRAMA

Professor H. R. Blight announces that the cast and committees for the great Romanian Rejuvenation Drama are progressing rapidly and that it will be ready for presentation on the day scheduled, the Ides of June. Prof. Blight, owing to accuracy and alacrity gained in folding bogas as a youth of paltry eleven winters (which are sometimes warm, but chilly in the shade of Sitaly), has himself spent forty-seven hours pressing and folding the soft and lustrous cheesecloth.

According to Prof. Blight, the leading man, Jonah Beck '41, leads you through Cathaline's speech on wings of oratory as silvery and as musical as ere Kikero himself produced. It takes Beck twenty minutes to get his myrtle crown on at a becoming angle, so the director has requested that the thirty little wreath weavers from Hillcrest get there early for each session.

The Terposichorian Chorus of Vestal Virginians consists of Noese Bryan '48, Hortense Gibson '45, Rivere Bordan '46, and Cleopatra V. Eight '47.

Blow by Blow

Of pure Finnish descent, Mae I. Trusseau is proud of the fact that she was born in the land of Santa Claus and the reindeer. (Editor's Note: Where the hell's Sibelius? Answer: I dunno.) But she is proud, too, that she is by adoption a Fiji Islander, having married Mumbo Jumbo, God of the Congo in an off moment.

"I never would have done it," said the madam, wagging her earrings roguishly, "If I'd known what I was getting into, but I love Life."

After her Middlebury recital of last evening, the critics were highly crazed not only by her lovely voice but by her unusual figure and its artistic manipulation.

The piercing quality of her upper register as displayed in the old Indo-Chinese lullaby more than astonished her audience. One might almost say that they were dumbfounded, but she was not.

Her spirited rendition of "Oh, Deah, What Can the Matter Be?" was much admired, since the diva's horrified expression and frenzied efforts to retain her gown upon her person during the selection, and her hurried exit after the number added a great deal of verisimilitude to her interpretation.

Unfortunately, Mme. Trusseau could not conclude her recital and did not appear again except for her marcelled head which she inserted between the curtains as with a shriek of "Ecstasy", she vanished forever.

OPERA HOUSE

WEEK OF APRIL 10TH

Wednesday, April 10th—

Edward Arnold and Karen Morley in "WEDNESDAY'S CHILD"
All Star Cast In
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN MYSTERY"

Thurs. and Fri., April 11th and 12th

Will Rogers in
"LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY"
Paramount Shorts
Matinee Both Days at 3 O'Clock

Saturday, April 13th—

Franchot Tone and Jean Muir in "GENTLEMEN ARE BORN"
Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in "THE GREAT HOTEL MURDER"

Mon. and Tues., April 15th and 16th

Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields and Joan Bennett in "MISSISSIPPI"
Comedy and News
Matinee Tuesday at 3 O'clock

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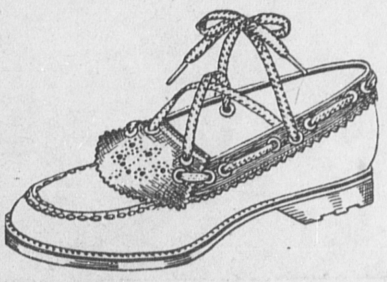
For the Smart College Miss

Blue and White Brown and White



All White and Brown

Kampus Kix
THE EMPORIUM

RENOWNED BILL BUNTER SIGNS UP

Story on page 7

The Middlebury Itis

PUBLISHED TOO OFTEN

MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS, MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL 10, 1935

MIDD BABES CHANGE TACTICS

Story on page 5

GOODY!

Bunter decides to play ball with the Midd. kids for one season, story on page 7.

LOOKY, LOOKY GIRLS!

This y'here's none other than West Hartford's champion social lion and feminine heart beat stimulator, Jonah Beck and company. Our cameraman caught them while they were rehearsing under the expert supervision of Prof. Blight for the Romanian Rejuvination Drama to be presented on the Ides of June. For story, see page seven.

"FREEDOM!

is what I stand for", says Midd's Bohemian Dean. Due to the energetic lady's untiring efforts her girls will no longer be insulted by these outworn traditions in costume and conduct

HERE'S HOW

Middlebury enters era of the "Modern Girl". Flossy's efforts rewarded at last as Babes desert Conventions.

WAY TO MAN'S HEART is through his stomach. How interior of new Home Ec lab will look when completed. (Story on page 4.)

OUCH! Action photograph below shows Buggy Deers and Dicky Brown earnestly endeavoring to upset one another. (See page 4).

"MAKE ME A LYRE,"

Says Madom Trusseau, Who Claims the Convivial Concert Corporation Owes Her a Gown and Damages For Her Ruptured Larynx.

Collegiate Digest

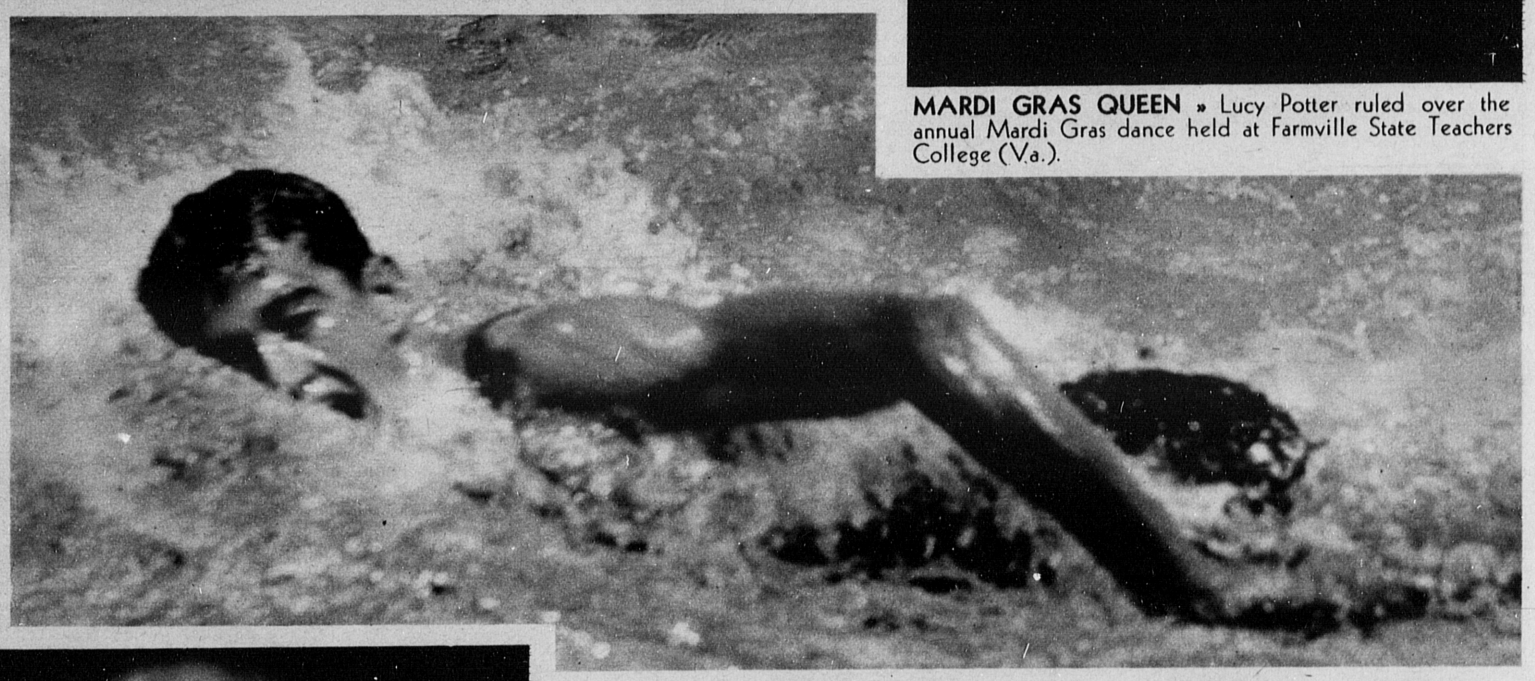
SECTION

"National Collegiate News in Picture and Paragraph"

U. S. TRADEMARK SERIAL NUMBER 313412

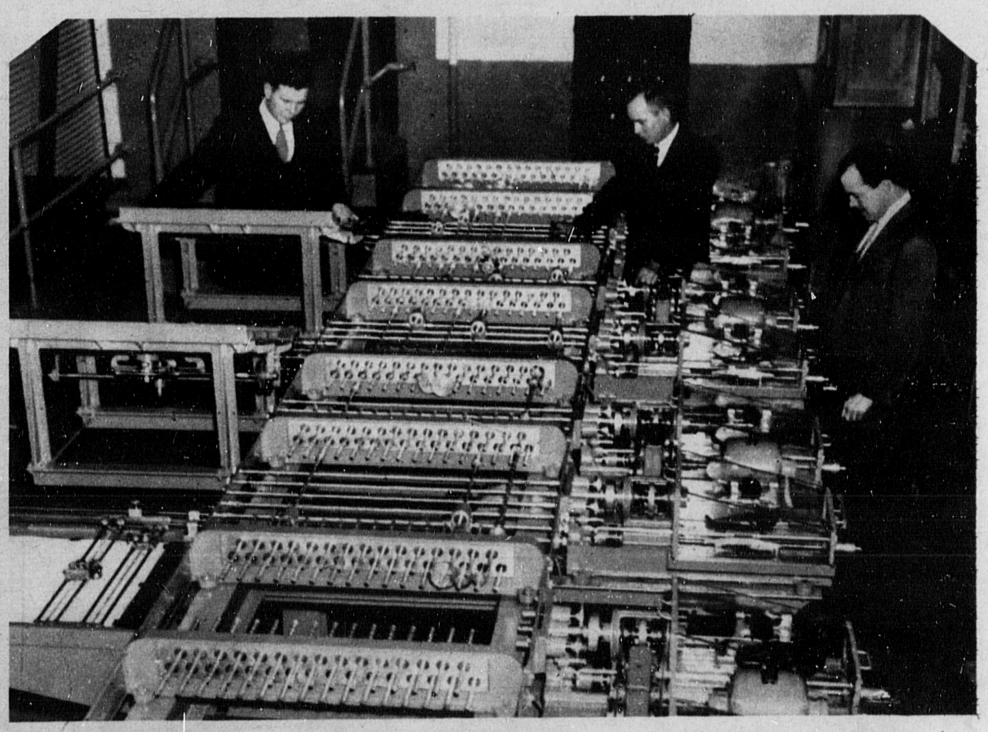
bove
OMEN ARE TEADIER than
en, this apparatus devised by Dr. H. Seashore, University of outhern California(Los Angeles), roved by counting hand tremors.
INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

MARDI GRAS QUEEN » Lucy Potter ruled over the annual Mardi Gras dance held at Farmville State Teachers College (Va.).

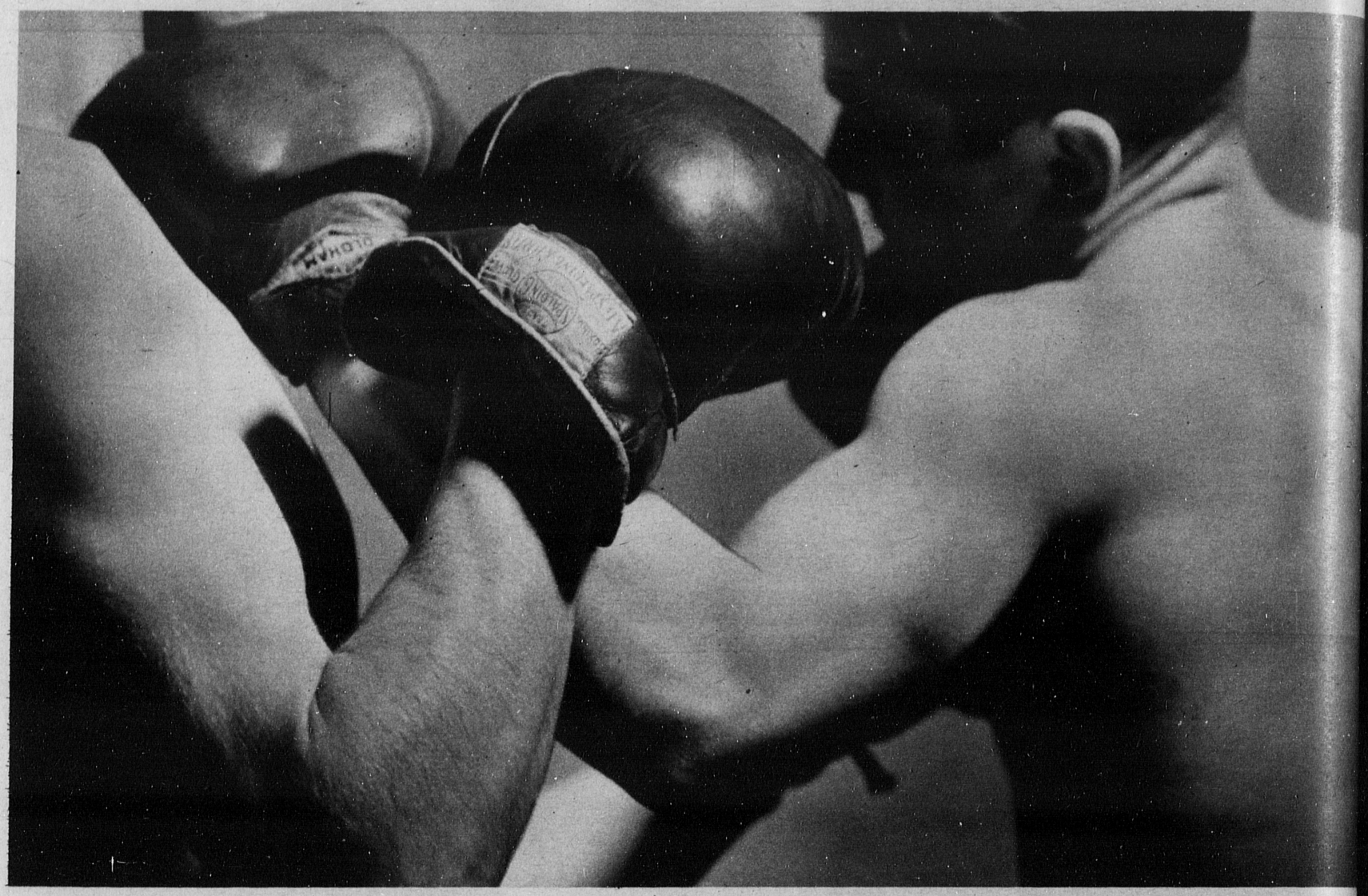


ight
APTAIN »
onny Turnbull ads the Pomona ollege (Clarent, Calif.) swimng team.

EAUTY AND BRAINS go hand in hand for Laura Sprague, Northestern University (Evanston, Illinois) debater and actress, who repreents Delta Delta Delta in Northwestern's beauty contest.



WORLD'S LARGEST MECHANICAL BRAIN » This intricate super-calculating machine has been placed on demonstration at the University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia). It is being examined by Dr. Charles G. Chambers, M. E. Nelson, and C. N. Weygantz. WIDE WORLD PHOTO



Just for Fun

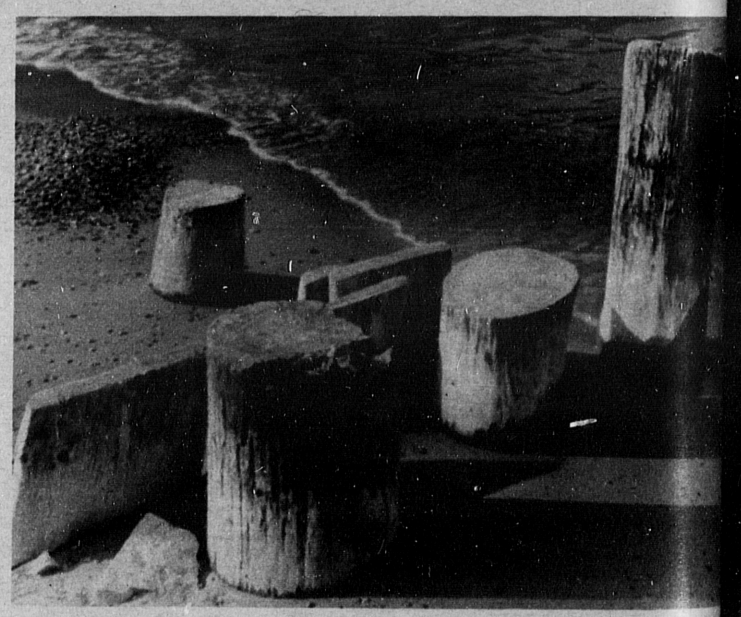
V. P. Hollis
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Collegiate Salon of Photographic Art

The University of Wisconsin (Madison) Camera Club selected the photographs reproduced here as part of its second annual National Collegiate Photographic Salon, which included 41 prints chosen from 140 entries submitted by amateur photographers in 14 colleges and universities. *Highland Light, Cape Cod* is one of the prints awarded a gold medal.

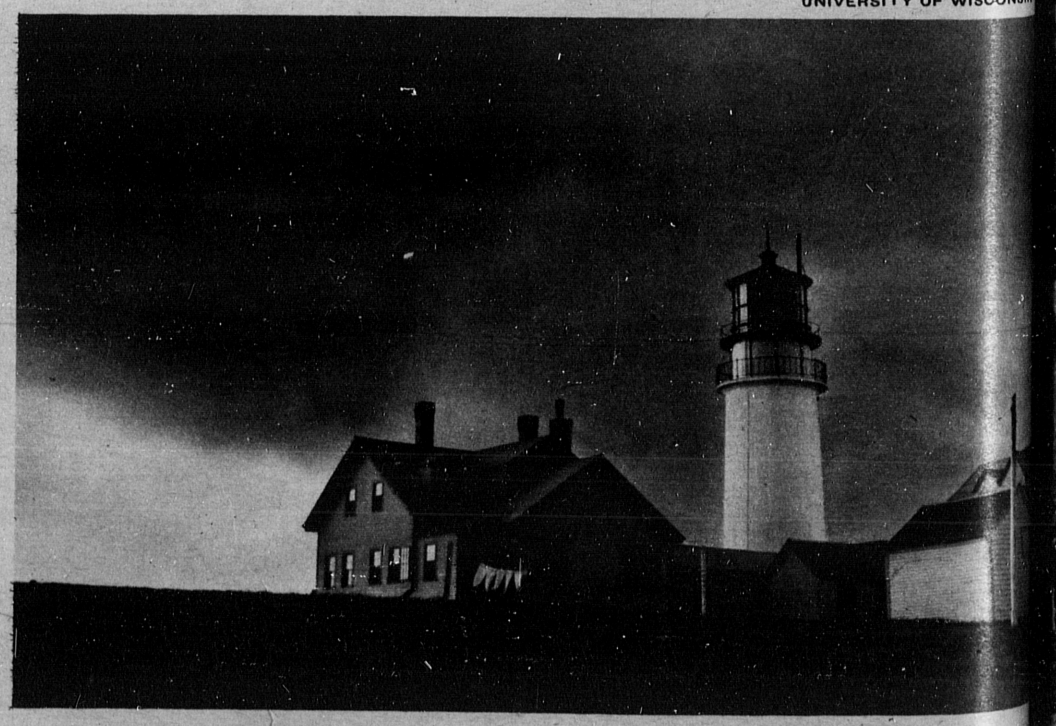
Sunset

William Weld
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA



Sunning at the Beach

Milton M. Abram
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN



Highland Light, Cape Cod

Laurence S. Foster
BROWN UNIVERSITY

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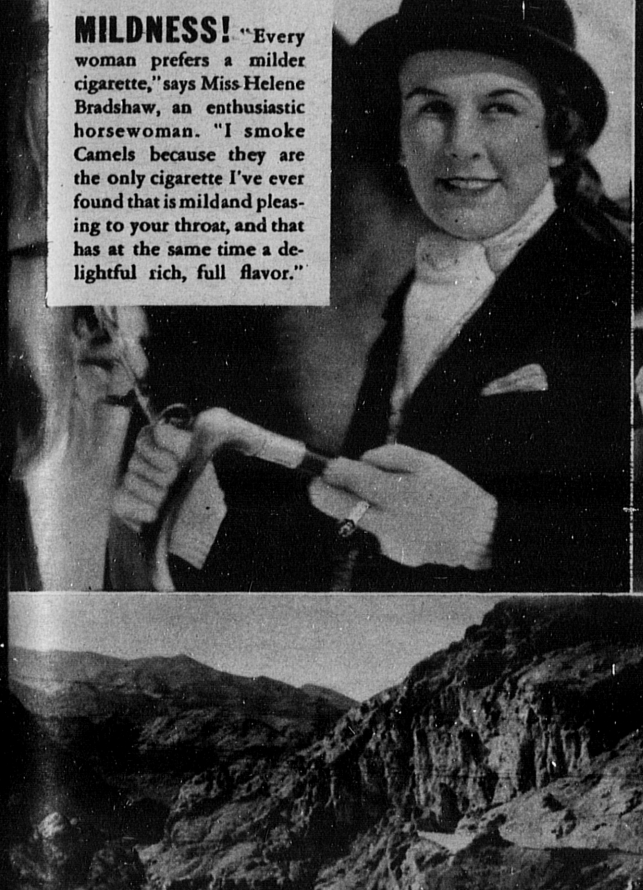
WE ASKED OUTDOOR PEOPLE:

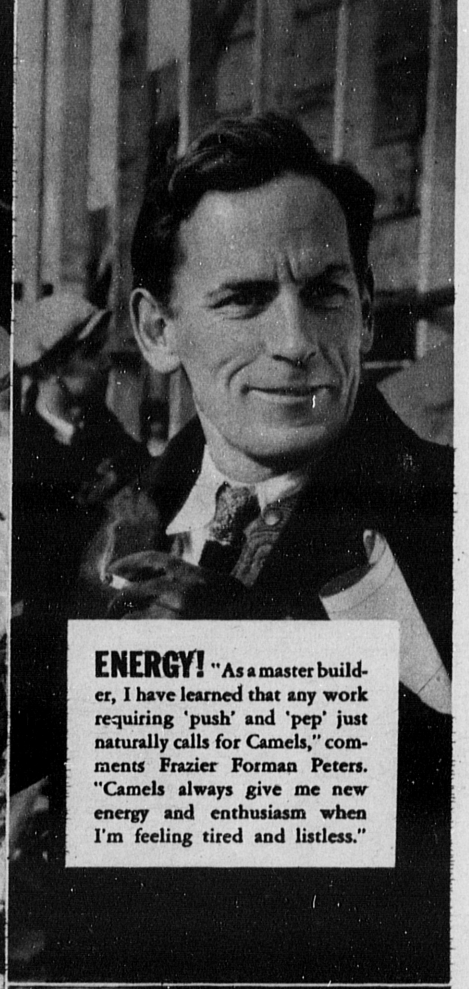
"Is this fact important to You?"

"Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos.. Turkish and Domestic.. than any other popular brand."
(SIGNED) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA



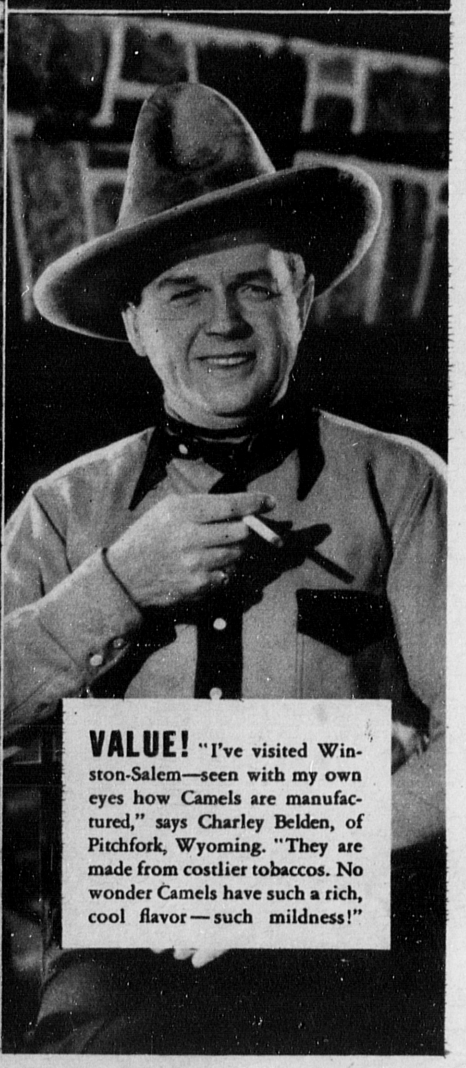
MILDNESS! "Every woman prefers a milder cigarette," says Miss Helene Bradshaw, an enthusiastic horsewoman. "I smoke Camels because they are the only cigarette I've ever found that is mild and pleasing to your throat, and that has at the same time a delightful rich, full flavor."

HEALTHY NERVES! "I've smoked Camels for fourteen years, without a sign of upset nerves," says Bill Horn, former Gold Cup winner and outstanding figure in American motorboat racing for 1934. "I like Camels and they like me!"

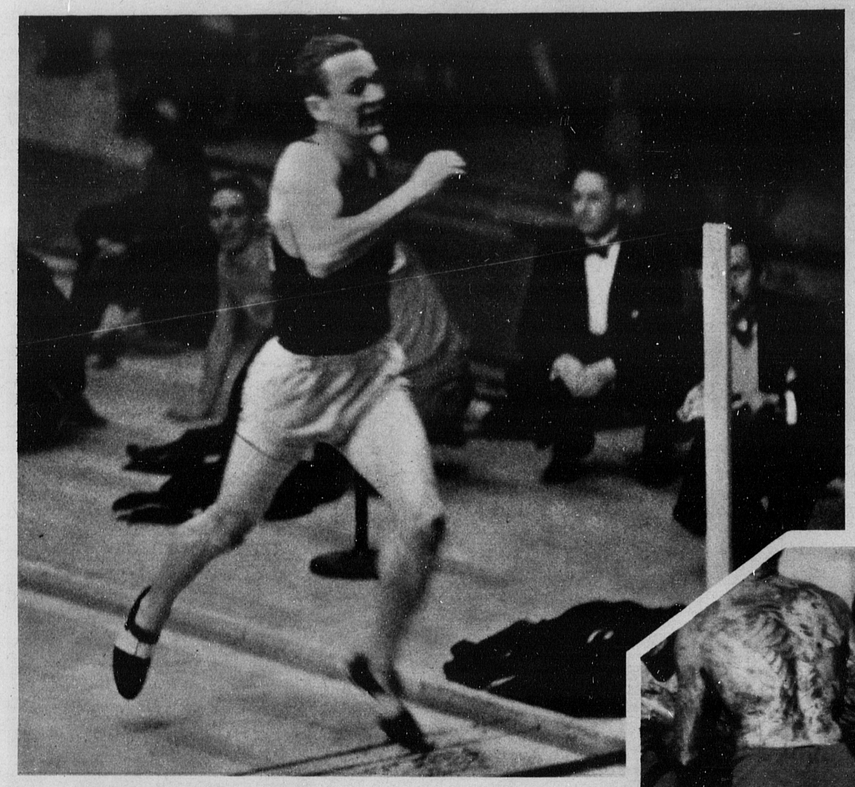


ENERGY! "As a master builder, I have learned that any work requiring 'push' and 'pep' just naturally calls for Camels," comments Frazier Forman Peters. "Camels always give me new energy and enthusiasm when I'm feeling tired and listless."

FLAVOR! "It's been thrilling to have a part in the vast enterprise of building Boulder Dam," says Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam engineer. "Plenty of strain. Many long hours of exhausting work—that's the lot of an engineer on this job! Most of us here at Boulder smoke Camels. Man, what a swell taste Camels have! Mild, cool, and mellow! Camels have a flavor that can't be beat. You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos, too, because they don't get 'flat' or tiresome in taste when you smoke a lot."



VALUE! "I've visited Winston-Salem—seen with my own eyes how Camels are manufactured," says Charley Belden, of Pitchfork, Wyoming. "They are made from costlier tobaccos. No wonder Camels have such a rich, cool flavor—such mildness!"

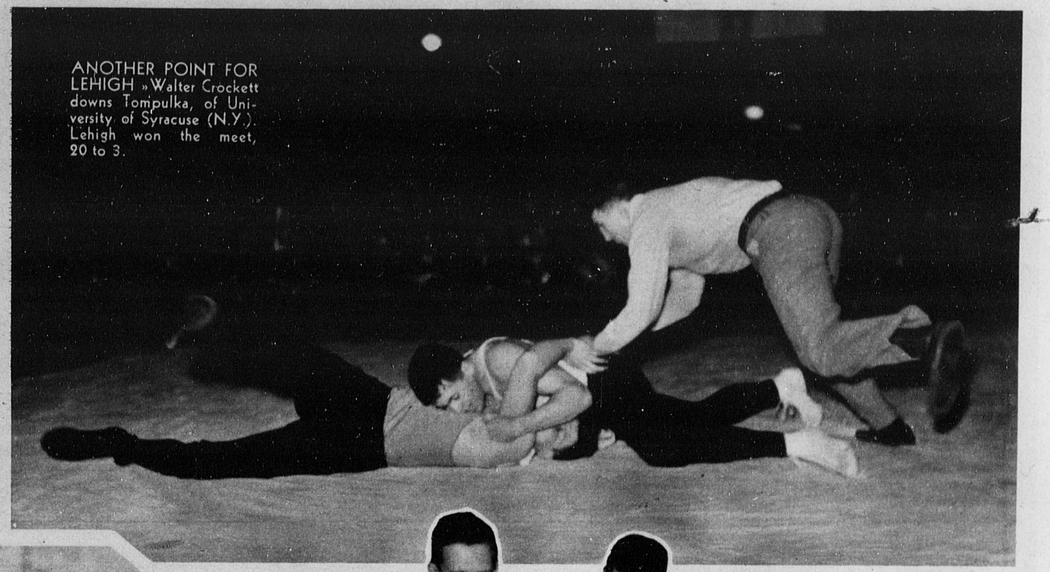


LONE RUNNER » Gene Venzke, University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia), was so far ahead of the rest of the field in the Intercollegiate 4-A meet 1,500-meter run that they just didn't get into the picture. Time: 3:57.6. INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Right
MILITARY QUEEN Agnes Ricks, a University of Wisconsin (Madison) Kappa Alpha Theta, led the grand march at the Military Ball held in the Badgers' beautiful Memorial Union.

Below
PULL, BOYS, PULL! » It's the semi-annual brawl between the Alpha and the Beta students at Los Angeles Junior College (Calif.).

ANOTHER POINT FOR LEHIGH » Walter Crockett downs Tompulka, of University of Syracuse (N.Y.). Lehigh won the meet, 20 to 3.



"CANNING" HARVARD SPEECH » All freshmen were "recorded" in this study of speech changes and corrections being made at the Cambridge, Mass., institution. INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

TO TEST ROWING SPEED, this Cambridge University (England) shell is fitted with a new device for timing the number of strokes per minute and the rate of acceleration. KEYSTONE PHOTO

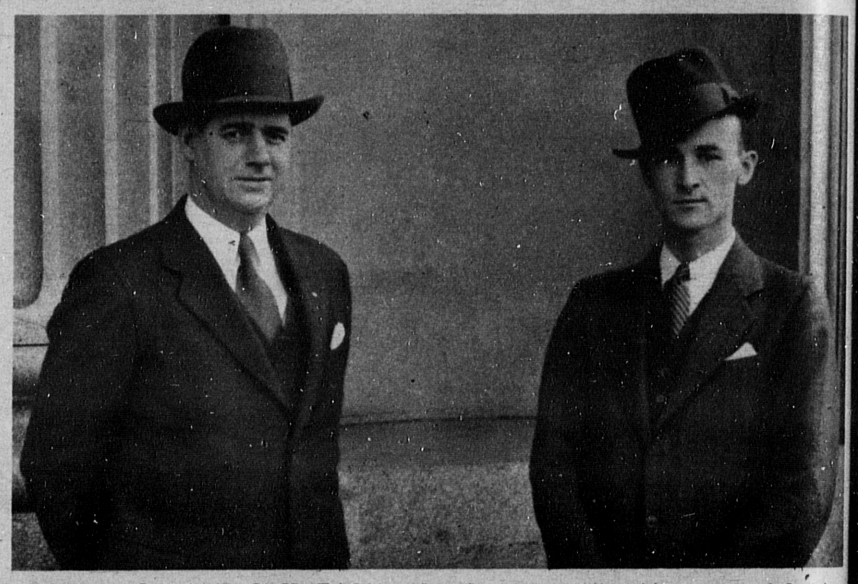
SHE'S A PRINCESS NOW » Adjudged the most beautiful Butler Univers... co-ed, Mavilla Rainey received a full Indian headdress from Joe Garry, ... Indian, who made the selection.

...olis, Ind.) – ...Spokane ...NE PHOTO

CANTER CLUB » Woodbury College (Los Angeles, Calif.) women take to the bridle paths for an after-classes ride.

FIRST "PICTURE OF THE WEEK" WINNER » *Slippery Walks*, by David Rau, president of the University of Wisconsin (Madison) Camera Club, is the first prize-winning print in the new COLLEGIATE DIGEST contest.

Above
SPRING TRAINING » University of Rochester (N.Y.) women sports leaders tackled this fallen tree with saw and ax when they desired a little extra exercise in preparation for their intramural spring sports. KEYSTONE PHOTO



GOVERNOR AND SECRETARY » Roy Powell (right) a University of South Carolina (Columbia) law student, is the personal secretary of Gov. Olin D. Johnston, South Carolina's chief executive.

ATOP WASHINGTON MONUMENT » These five Gallaudet College (Washington, D.C.) students were among the favored who were allowed to ascend to the top of the monument when it was given its bath.

A New Contest for Collegiate Digest Readers

The Picture of the Week

Each week Collegiate Digest will feature one picture that its editors believe to be outstanding from the standpoint of photography, composition, subject, and the story it tells. Still life as well as action photos will be eligible for the contest—and there are no subject restrictions beyond those of libel and decency.

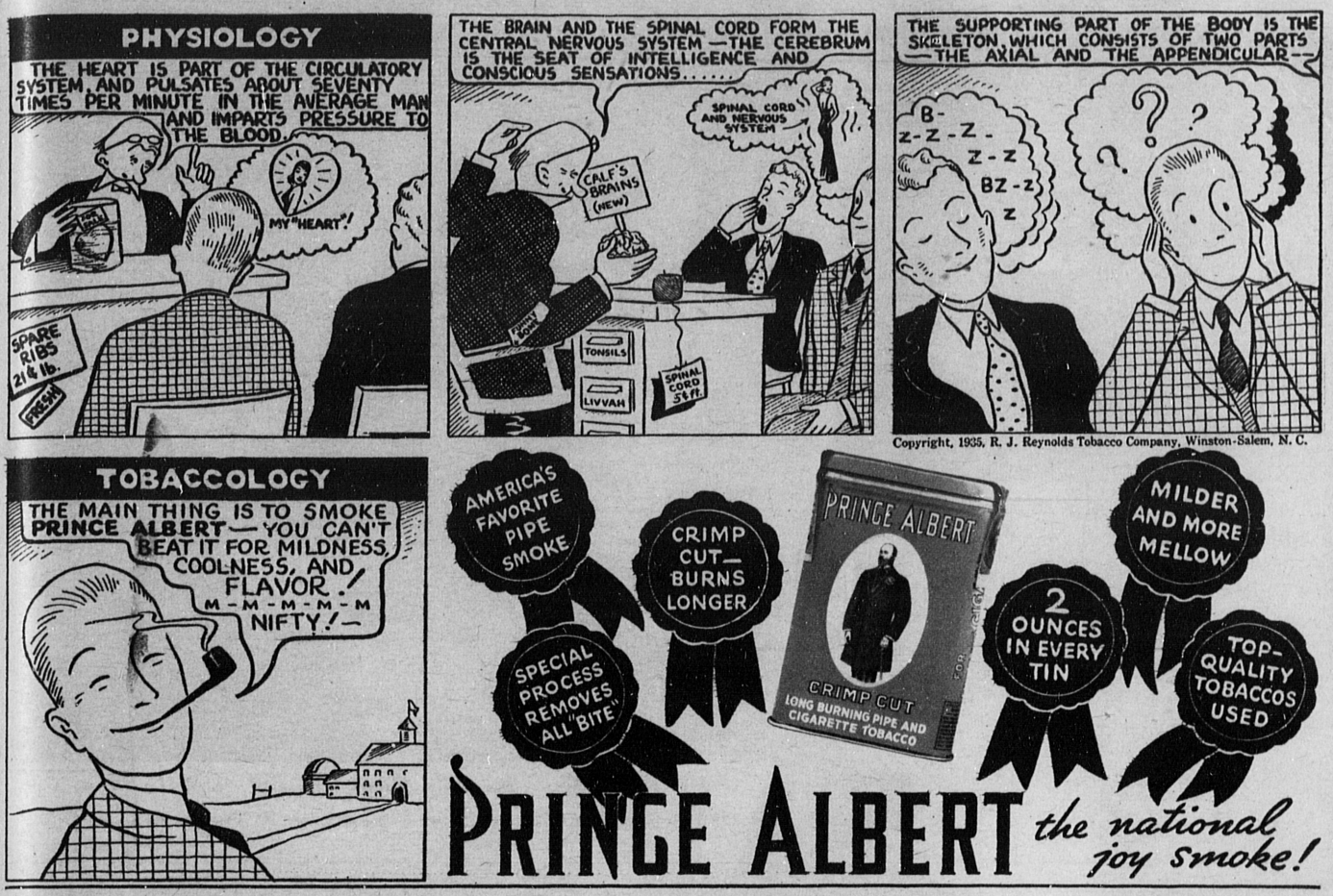
Five dollars will be paid to the winner of each week's contest. The editors reserve the right to use any photo submitted in Collegiate Digest at their regular rate of one dollar—payment to be made upon publication.

RULES

1. Each entry must be made by an amateur photographer who is now a member of the faculty or student body of a college or university.
2. The name, address, and college of each contestant, together with any information about the photograph, must be printed on the back of each photo submitted. No limitation is made upon the number of entries each contestant may submit, nor upon the size of the photographs submitted.
3. No pictures will be returned unless accompanied by return postage.
4. Address all entries to: Picture of the Week, COLLEGIATE DIGEST, P. O. Box 472, Madison, Wis.

Enter this New Contest Now—Win A Five-Dollar Prize.

NIGHT WEAR » One must have a bathrobe, but it needn't fit like a squaw's blanket, as the model at the left proves. It is in a light weight tweed, and is a model of comfort. The shirtwaist nightgown shown at the right is one of the smartest of the new models. It comes in silk crepe, voile or dimity. BUTTERICK PHOTO


PHYSIOLOGY
THE HEART IS PART OF THE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM, AND PULSATES ABOUT SEVENTY TIMES PER MINUTE IN THE AVERAGE MAN AND IMPARTS PRESSURE TO THE BLOOD.
MY "HEART"!
SPARE RIBS 21¢ lb.
FRESH
THE BRAIN AND THE SPINAL CORD FORM THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM — THE CEREBRUM IS THE SEAT OF INTELLIGENCE AND CONSCIOUS SENSATIONS.....
SPINAL CORD AND NERVOUS SYSTEM
CALF'S BRAINS (NEW)
TONSILS
LIVVAH
SPINAL CORD 5¢ ft.
THE SUPPORTING PART OF THE BODY IS THE SKELETON, WHICH CONSISTS OF TWO PARTS — THE AXIAL AND THE APPENDICULAR —
B-
Z-Z-Z-
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TOBACCOLOGY
THE MAIN THING IS TO SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT — YOU CAN'T BEAT IT FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR. M-M-M-M-M NIFTY! —
AMERICA'S FAVORITE PIPE SMOKE
CRIMP CUT— BURNS LONGER
SPECIAL PROCESS REMOVES ALL "BITE"
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
MILDER AND MORE MELLOW
2 OUNCES IN EVERY TIN
TOP-QUALITY TOBACCOS USED
PRINCE ALBERT the national joy smoke!
Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Prize Speaking
Held Tomorrow in
Chapel at 7:45 p. m.

No. 24

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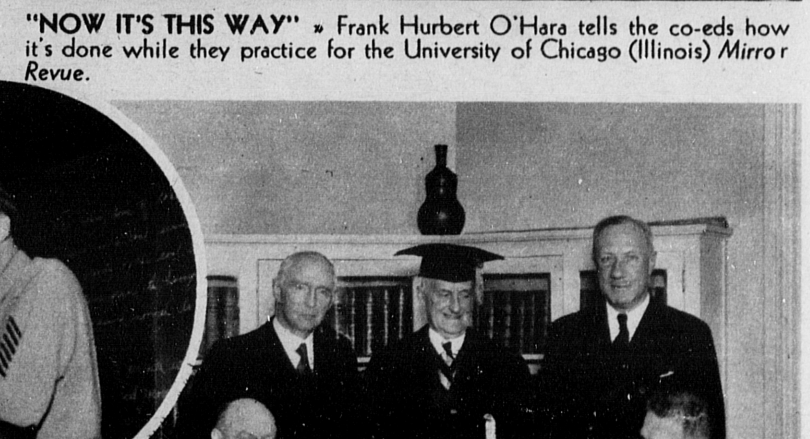
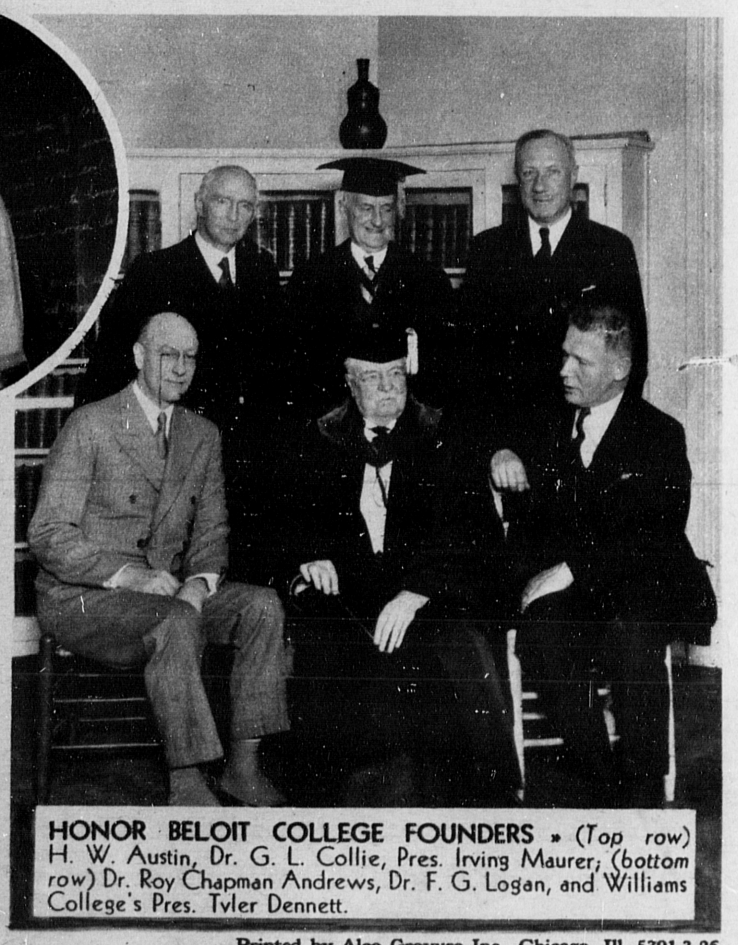
PROTEST OATH BILL » Vassar College (Poughkeepsie, N.Y.) women protest a New York bill which would require students to swear allegiance to the Constitution. KEYSTONE PHOTO

ALABAMA'S PRESIDENT, George H. Denny, welcomes Italian Ambassador Augusto Rosso to the campus.



"NOW IT'S THIS WAY" » Frank Hurbert O'Hara tells the co-eds how it's done while they practice for the University of Chicago (Illinois) *Mirror Revue*.

Below
NEW STUDENT LEGISLATURE » G. W. Wildes (*at right*) addresses the undergraduate governing body he conceived for Virginia Polytechnic Institute (Blacksburg).



HONOR BELOIT COLLEGE FOUNDERS » (*Top row*) H. W. Austin, Dr. G. L. Collie, Pres. Irving Maurer; (*bottom row*) Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, Dr. F. G. Logan, and Williams College's Pres. Tyler Dennett.

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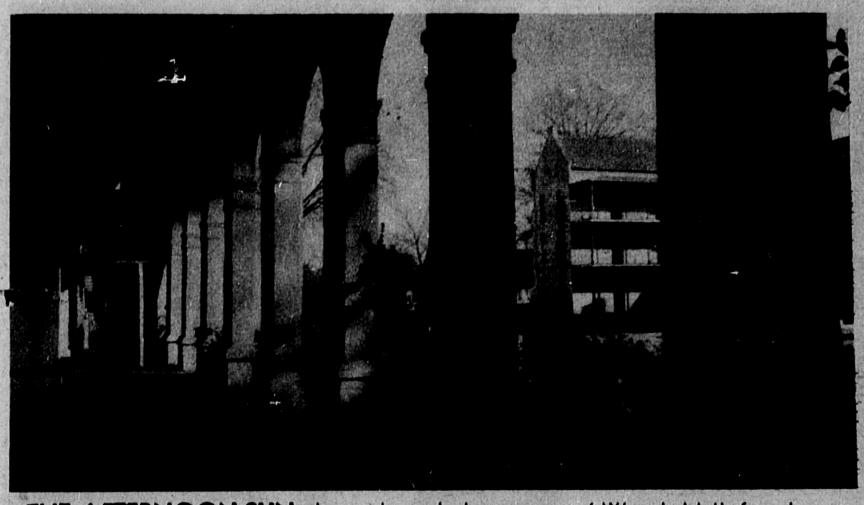
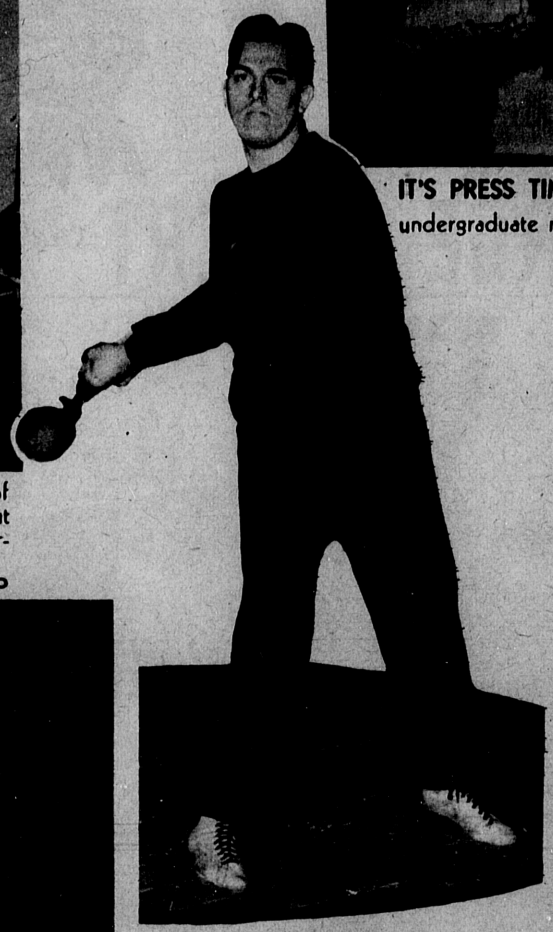


THE AFTERNOON SUN gleams through the portico of Woods Hall, first dormitory erected at the University of Alabama (University) after the Civil War

IT'S PRESS TIME » *The Daily Iowan*, University of Iowa (Iowa City) undergraduate newspaper, is "put to bed" by its student staff.

HONOR STUDENT » Frances Wheeler, daughter of Montana's famed senator and one of the Connecticut College for Women's (New London) smartest undergraduates, performs a psychology experiment.
WIDE WORLD PHOTO



NEW RECORD HOLDER » Henry Dreyer, Rhode Island State College (Kingston), heaved the weight 57 feet, 9 inches.
KEYSTONE PHOTO

QUEEN » That's the honor bestowed upon Winifred Bertram by Valparaiso University (Ind.) students when they elected her as their co-ed leader.

POLO TWINS » W. O. and Oel Johnson are two of the star riders on the Alabama Polytechnic Institute (Auburn) team.

SURF RIDING in a new style is created by Rosemary Carlyle, University of Oregon (Eugene), whose favorite recreation is riding horseback along Oregon's beaches.